THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE,] "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." [*Proprietor.*

Established December 15th, 1850. } FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1880. { VOL. XXVI—NO. 51.

TERMS.

☞ **Two Dollars** for one year, *invariably in advance*, **Two Dollars and Fifty Cents** if payment be deferred three months. All papers going out of the county be paid for *in advance*.

☞ Single copies, Five Cents each.

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One inch	$ 75	Fourth column	$4 00
Two inches	1 25	Third column	5 00
Three inches	1 75	Half column	7 00
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One inch	$1 25	Fourth column	$5 50
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☞ The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of the individual members.

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☞ No advertisements inserted gratuitously.

☞ Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.

☞ Announcing candidates—County, Five Dollars—Congressional, Senatorial, or Judicial, Ten Dollars—to be paid in advance.

Church Directory.

Presbyterian, Fayetteville—no regular services; Sunday school at 8 A M.

Methodist—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and at night; Rev P A Sowell, pastor; Sunday school at 8 o'clock.

Cumberland Presbyterian—services every Sabbath 10:30 and at night; Rev W G Templeton, pastor; Sunday school 8 o'clock.

Union Church, Pleasant Plains—services 1st Sabbath each month at 11 and night by the Methodists, Rev W B Lowey and F L Carpenter--2nd and 4th Sabbath each month at 11 by the Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Rev J B Muse, pastor. Methodist Sunday school at

A R Presbyterian, New Hope services 1st and 3rd Sabbaths at 11; Bethel, 2nd and 4th Sabbaths at 11—Rev A S Sloan, pastor.

Methodist, Mulberry—services 3rd Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock and every Sunday night; Rev T H Hinson, pastor; Sunday School at 9.

Baptist, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11. Rev Wm Huff, pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Mulberry—services 2nd Sabbath in each month at 11 and night; Rev W G Templeton, pastor.

United Presbyterian, Lincoln—services every Sabbath at 11:15 A M; Rev David Stran pastor; Sunday school at 10.

Methodist, Shady Grove, (Shelton's creek)—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev J. Parks, preacher in charge.

Liberty Grove—services 2nd Sabbath at 11 A M; Rev T L Darnell, preacher in charge.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Grove, near Flyntville)—services 4th Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev A W Sutherland, supply.

Methodist, Oak Hill—services 4th Sabbath each month at 10 a. m; T L Darnell preacher in charge.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Hill, Rev J B Tigert, pastor.

Prospect, Wells' hill, Saturday before 2d Sunday, each month, Rev B T King, pastor.

Hester's Creek, Saturday before 4th Sunday, each month, Rev B T King, pastor.

Methodist, Flyntville—services 4th Sabbath at 10:30 A. M; Mt. Hermon, Flintville circuit, services 1st Sabbath at 10:30 A M; Macedonia, Flintville circuit, services 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 A M—Rev W H Authony, preacher in charge.

Union, 1st Sunday; Providence, 2nd; Liberty Grove, 3rd; Oak Hill, 4th; Rev T L Darnell, preacher in charge.

Shiloh, Methodist, near Millville—preaching on 2nd Sunday in each month at 3 P. M., and on Saturday at 11 A. M., before the 2nd and 4th Sunday, Rev S M Cherry, pastor

Mail Directory.

Fayetteville Post-Office.

Railroad—leaves every day except Sunday at 9:15 A.M.; arrives at 5:40 P.M. Supplies the following offices: Kelso, Lincoln, Flyntville, Oregon, George's Store, Elora, Hunt's Station, Salem, Winchester and Decherd.

Shelbyville stage—arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A. M.; leaves same days at 2 P. M. Supplies Mulberry, Lynchburg, Booneville, County Line, Shelbyville.

Huntsville stage—leaves Monday and Thursday at 8 A. M.; arrives at 5:40 P.M. Supplies Goshen, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.

Shelbyville hack—leaves Mondays and Thursdays at 8 A. M.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 5 P. M. Supplies Norris Creek, Chestnut Ridge, Hawthorne and Shelbyville.

Pulaski horse—arrives every Saturday at 11:30A M; leaves same day at 12:30. Supplies Cyruston, Millville, Pisgah, Bradshaw and Pulaski.

Blanche horse—leaves every Tuesday and Friday at 8 A. M.; arrives Wednesday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Supplies Camargo, Molino, Cold Water, Blanche.

Boons Hill horse—arrives every Saturday at 12 M; leaves same day at 1 P M.

Petersburg horse—leaves Saturday at 8 A M; arrives at 5 P M same day. Supplies Renfrow Station and Petersburg.

Money Orders can be obtained at this office upon post offices in all parts of the United States. A list of Money Order offices may be seen on application. Rates of commission for Money Orders are as follows:

Not exceeding $15				10 cents
Over 15 and not exceeding $30				15 do
do 30	do	do	40	20 do
do 40	do	do	50	25 do

W. B. DOUTHAT, P. M.

County Officers.

N. P. Carter, County Judge.
W. B. Martin, Clerk Chancery Court.
W. C. Morgan, do Circuit do
P. D. Boyce, do County do
R. T. Holland, Sheriff.
G. W. Counts, W. A. Cunningham, Deputy-Sheriffs.
Henry Henderson, Trustee.
B. B. Thompson, Register.
J. H. C. Duff, County-Surveyor.
T. I. Rives, Sup't of Public Schools.
J. B. Morgan, Coroner.
N. O. Wallace, Ranger.

A PLUCKY VIRGINIA LADY

She Puts an End to an Army Captain's Surveying Operations on Her Lands.

[Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appeal.]

Major-General G. K. Warren, formerly commanding the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, accompanied by Captain Cotton, also of the United States Army, recently visited the battle-field of Five Forks, in Dinwiddie County, the scene of one of the last battles around Petersburg.

The object of their visit was to make a survey and plat of the field and the position of the contending armies, to be used in the Court of Inquiry before which Gen. Warren is having an investigation as to his promptness in moving to the fight. In order to get the exact data and a complete situation of affairs it became necessary for Captain Cotton to run a line of survey through the premises of a gentleman living in the vicinity—which line was just outside of his residence—between it and the orchard. The owner of the property happened to be away from home at the time, and his wife was custodian of the manor. She discovered that something was going on as to the nature of which she had not been informed, and about which her permission, it seems, had not been asked. Imagining that a trespass was being committed, she bravely went out to the spot armed with a double-barreled gun, and ordered the engineer and his assistants away. Capt. Cotton, who, by the way, is a genial and courteous gentleman, undertook to explain his presence there, and the object that he wished to accomplish; but the lady declined to accept his explanation, declaring in a firm and determined manner that she did not intend to have the farm parceled off in "forty-acre" lots. The Captain hesitated, hoping to make his presence and motives understood, but he was ordered again to leave—and that immediately—with an intimation from the lady that, though she was not in the last war, she would be in this if he did not move forthwith. The Captain quickly perceived that it would be wise in him to go, and he retired with the best grace possible under the circumstances. Subsequently, however, the object of the visit of the officer was explained by some of the neighbors to the lady, and the survey was allowed to proceed. The misapprehension under which the lady labored was a very natural one, and she manifested remarkable courage and decision under the circumstances. Our opinion is more than ever confirmed that the Southern ladies are not only the fairest and gentlest, but the bravest in the world.

How He Won His Shoulder-Straps.

Chicago Times.

It was during the siege of Wagner, and the Union parallels were but a few hundred yards away from the line of grim black tubes that ever and anon "embowelled with outrageous noise the air—disgorging foul their devlish glut of iron globes." A line of abattis was to be built across a clear space in point-blank range of the rebel gunner sharp-shooters. "Sergeant," says the officer in charge, "go and pace that opening and give me the distance as near as possible." Says the Sergeant (for we will let him tell the rest of the story): "I started right off. When I got to the opening I put her like the devil in a gale of wind. What with grape, canister, round shot, shell and a regular bees' nest of rifle balls, I just think there must have been a fearful drain of ammunition on the Confederate Government about that time. I don't know how it was, but I did get powerful scared. When I'd got under cover I couldn't er told for the life o' me whether it was a hundred or a hundred thousand paces; I should sooner er guessed a hundred thousand. Says the Captain, 'Well, Sergeant, what do you make it?' Soon's I could get my wind, says I, 'Give a guess, Captain.' He looks across the opening a second or two, and then says, 'A hundred and seventy-five paces, say.' 'Thunder, Captain,' says I, 'you've made a pretty close guess. It's just a hundred and seventy-one.'" "And," added the Sergeant, after the laugh had subsided, "that's how I got my shoulder straps."

Don't Cut the String.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, Ohio, a day or two since, to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie those strings—don't cut them."

It was the first remark he had made to a new employee. It was the first lesson the young man had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in a business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter he said:—

There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings off the package in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and I presume is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save. I told the boy just now to untie the string not so much for the value of the string as to teach him that everything is to be saved and nothing wasted. If the idea can be firmly impressed upon the mind of one beginning in life that nothing was made to be wasted, you have laid the foundation of success.

The moral of this little incident is self evident. A young man well brought up with a fair education, seeks employment in a business house. The habit of waste in little things is noticeable, and becomes a drawback on his value and usefulness to his employer. The disregard of saving strings and paper develops into a carelessness that runs through all his habits. He does not get on in the world because he is wasteful. Small sums of money slip through his fingers almost unconsciously, because they are small. He wastes time by the minute, without a thought of the old adage, "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves."

Sitting in the counting room of one of Cleveland's oldest and most successful merchants the other day, we noticed that he cut off the blank sheets of the letters he was engaged in filing. The name of this man is a synonym of charity and benevolence and his liberality in all good works is almost unbounded. His attention being called to what seemed an unusual proceeding, he said.—

"Yes, it may strike you as singular to save these half-sheets of paper, but I began life a poor boy in a country store and this was one of the first lessons in saving little things that was taught me by my employer. He has been nearly half a century under the sod, but I never do this without thinking of the good old man. I believe it was the secret of my success in life."

This saving of little things does not imply stinginess or meanness. It is simply the habit of saving instead of wasting. It is embodied in the motto, "Waste not, want not." Therefore we say, "Don't cut the string."

A Confederate Hotel Story.

The following is a refreshing reminder of "war times," taken from the Atlanta Confederacy:

Many good things have been told of Dr. Thompson, the world renowned humorist and hospitable proprietor of the Atlanta Hotel, whose ready wit but few are willing to encounter; but a little incident occurred there one week which rather worsted the Doctor:

A Lieutenant Colonel who was wounded at Murfreesboro, who had been stopping awhile with him, on the 20th day called for his bill. The obliging clerk handed him the document with 20 days multiplied by $4. The Colonel scanned the bill and observed its footing up—$80. He turned to the Doctor, who was present, and asked him if he did not think that pretty heavy. The Doctor with that peculiar toss of the head which indicates a small whirlwind, said:

"No; if you had to pay $4 for a gobler, $1 a dozen for eggs, $4 a pound for Rio coffee, $1.25 for butter, $15 a bushel for potatoes, and $5 a pair for shad, you'd think it was light."

The Colonel ran his eyes over the bill and quietly replied:

"Well, I have been here 20 days, and narry d—n article you have mentioned have I seen on your table."

It is said the Doctor rushed out into the back yard, and did not cool off till he had whipped three little niggers.

Poetry.

Home Music.

When the busy day is over,
And you rest at evening time,
O, how sweet sounds simple music,
Set to well-remembered rhyme.
Grander strains might prove less cheering,
But a homely ballad seems
Sweet and simple, and endearing,
Calling back life's happiest dreams.

When the singer is a mother,
With her children list'ning round;
When the sister and the brother,
Blend their tunes in tuneful sound,
While the husband and the father,
Sits to listen and admire;
Of all concerts, I would rather,
Hear that sweet domestic choir.

We may praise the glorious voices
Of the geniushs of song,
Whose celestial art rejoices
Many and many a wond'ring throng;
But the songs that go the nearest
To our hearts are always those
Sung by friends we hold the dearest,
Friends our fireside circle knows.

Confession.

With his little soft hand in mine,
And the light on his golden hair,
My baby after his day of play
Kneels down for his evening prayer.
His eyes gaze into the unknown land,
As he whispers each solemn word,
And he speaks of 'dying before he wakes,'
With the look of a startled bird.

Then he tells with a quivering lip,
Of the deed he has done to-day—
How a butterfly stopped at a rose to sip,
And he killed it in his play.
Ne'er to a murderous soul
Comes anguish grief and fear,
In a stronger tide than sweeps to-night
O'er the soul of my baby dear.

But I soothe the little trembler,
And hold him in my arms,
And give him the comforts that mothers know
His grief to soothe and charm.
Till he whispers, raising his soft, blue eyes,
Where the tears still shining lie—
'I dess the butterfly has a dood time,
In de roses in de sky!'

Uncle Johnny at Church.

When Gov. S——, who is a most devout Episcopalian, was the Chief Magistrate of Kentucky, he was wont to frequently entertain the members of the General Assembly at the Governor's Mansion. To one of these levees came, with the member from his country, an old mountaineer who had just reached Frankfort with the raft of logs which he had brought down the Kentucky River. The old man was called familiarly "Uncle Johnny," soon became the center of an admiring group to whom his jean clothes were not at all an improper attire for the Governor's levee; and his tongue being loosed by a glass of cherry wine, which he then tasted for the first time in his life, he was entertaining his auditors with stories from "his country," when the Governor approached.

"Uncle Johnny, here is the Governor," said one of the company, and straightway the old man was silent, for he was overwhelmed by this first vision of the majesty of the Commonwealth.

"Go on with your story, Uncle Johnny," said some one; "the Governor will like to hear it."

"Yes, go on, Uucle Johnny," said the Governor, with a kindly smile of encouragement; and the old man, thus convinced that even the Governor was also a man, concluded his narrative.

Then, becoming bolder, he ventured to address the Governor, saying: "Guvner, I went to your meeting yistidy, and I seen whar you sets."

He had been to the Episcopal Church and had been shown the Governor's pew.

"Did you, Uncle Johnny?" responded GovernorS——. "And how did you like it?"

"Well, Guvnor, I never knowd much what they was a-doin', but I riz and fell with 'em every time."

A Russian noblemen recently lay on his deathbed. One of his curious fancies was to have his wife robe herself in her wedding dress and stand by his bedside. It was a very natural bit of sentiment, and in the course of an hour the beautiful woman stood by his side arrayed in the garments of twenty years ago. When asked why he had asked her to do it, however, his answer betrayed his willingness to let every one else go, provided only that he could himself stay behind, and showed that however broken his body was his mind was perfectly clear. "Ah," he sighed, "you look so beautiful in that dress that I hoped that when the angel came he might take a fancy to you and carry you off instead of me."

The Tennessee State Grange was held at Brownsville, Tuesday, 17th.

RAILROAD RELIGION.

A Brakeman's Comparison of Different Denominations.

In a letter to the Burlington Hawkeye, dated at Lebanon, Ind., Burdette says:

While on the road with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the brakeman comes to me, and seated on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said with that interested inflection that asks for more, "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Now," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said; "all palace cars and $2 extra for a seat; fast time and only stop at big stations; nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I could not stand the palace cars. Rich road enough. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking cars on the train. Train orders are vague, though, and the trainmen don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian," I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, and straight as a rule; tunnel through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't hear of accidents on the road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time-card and no train-dispatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor is expected to do nothing but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped he would die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he couldn't tell anymore about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said, 'Nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer where he got orders from he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard' you can hear him to the next station, every train-lamp shines like a head-light. Stop over checks given on through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman, an old road, too; one of the oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the division superintendents discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha," said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the day and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two guages. But it runs through a beautiful country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday when the conductor came around for tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis."

Joshua Nestor had saved a few thousand dollars by long and hard work as a farmer in Virginia, while his son in-law, Gen. Webb, was dissolute and penniless. Webb was impatient to get the old man's money, through his wife inheriting it; but Nestor, like his namesake of Homeric days, lived on and on, until he was 86, and even then was hale and hearty. Webb, on the contrary, was ruining his health by dissipation, and it looked as though he would die first. To avert such an occurrence, he murdered Nestor, and it was for that crime he was hanged a few days ago.

A Chicago man took out his new trotter and speeded him on the boulevard. After putting the nag through at his best gait for a quarter-stretch the owner proudly wheeled up to a policeman on the track and asked: "Why don't you arrest me for fast driving, old fellow?" The officer only replied gruffly: "No cause, sir; you hain't drove fast 'nough yet to violate no ordinance, sir." That citizen is advertising a fine trotter for sale in all the city newspapers.

Sips of Fun.

Held for a further hearing—The ear trumpet.

At a spelling match one man spelled "pasnip," and got beet.

It usually takes twenty able-bodied men to stand and look at one poor little sign-painter while he is at work.

The kind wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house will not drive him to a saloon to get one.

The poet who sang: "I'm sailing o'er the brine knee deep," was evidently a timid man, and afraid to venture far from the shore.

It is said that the Bureau of Engraving has not a single ten dollar bill in its reserve stock. Singular coincidence. Neither have we.

The difference between a man who digs in the ground and one who digs in books is that the former digs for hire and the latter for lore.

A mother advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted flat away when the damsel replied, "Oh no, ma, it spoils the gentlemen's vests."

It has been demonstrated in Paris that when a man pounds his thumb with a hammer he is twice as mad as when he strikes his elbow on the door frame.

The greatest compliment you can pay a man, says the *Free Press*, is to call him "an advanced thinker." It beats the title of "general" all out of sight.

A letter was recently dropped into the mail-box directed to "Louis Cancers." The postmaster guessed it was for Lawrence, Kansas, and it went right.

A Chicago man had a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and now every time he passes a millinery store that tooth fairly aches to drag him up to the window.

Young men, if your girl keeps looking at your feet every time she meets you, don't let it embarrass you in the least; she is simply taking your measure for a pair of slippers.

The hardest man to listen to is the man who insists on talking about the moral law to you for two hours at a time, but who never gave a single illustration of it in his own life.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at table)—"Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." John—"Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."

A farmer writes: "I saw in a paper that a Western farmer planted flax with potatoes, and it kept the bugs off. I planted flax with potatoes and the flax came up first and the bugs roosted on it, waiting for the potatoes to come up."

A correspondent in the country asks if somebody will tell him how best to start a flock of sheep. We have done very little in that line, but will suggest that letting down the bars generally has the desired effect.

"He has gone into the lecture business," said one man to another in response to an inquiry about a mutual friend. "Is that so?" "Yes; he was married last week to a woman with the sharpest tongue in town."

One of our Boston preachers said Sunday afternoon: "The little good any of us can do must be done with our hearts thumping against the hearts of our fellow man." And every young woman in church looked at every other young woman and smiled approvingly.

"Does he know anything?" anxiously inquired a friend, bending over the body of the man who had just fallen from the roof of a house. "Don't know, I'm sure," the physician replied. "He never did know anything; but you can't tell what effect the fall may have had upon him until he regains consciousness."

A paterfamilias was helping his ten-year-old son to master his Sunday-school lesson. That lesson happened to be devoted to the parable of the Sower. In the course of his instruction the father asked his son the meaning of the word "tare," and the son replied, "I don't know exactly, but mother can tell me all about it." "Why your mother, my son?" "Well, she must know, for a few days ago, when you didn't come home for two or three days, I asked mother where you were and she said she guessed you were on a tare!"

A Mother Just the Same.

A well-dressed young man was arraigned in New York Police Court the other day for beating his mother. Evidence showed he came home and without provocation struck her with his fist in the face repeatedly, blackening both her eyes and badly bruising her face. His mother, an old woman, had him arrested, but repented when the time came for trial, and tottering to the bar of the court with a black veil drawn tightly over her face, begged piteously that the case might be dismissed. He didn't mean it, she pleaded. He was a good, industrious boy, and she was sure he would never do so again.

He must have been very angry at something when he struck her, and he had already been punished sufficiently in losing his Fourth of July holiday. She wasn't much hurt anyway. The justice told her to lift the veil. She did not want to do so. Her face really looked worse than it was, she said. The skin turned blue easily, and really she hadn't been much hurt.

The justice insisted, and with trembling hands she raised the veil and showed a patient, old wrinkled face, the tears falling down its bruised and battered features, and still she pleaded for her boy. He, the brute, pleaded that he would "lose his place" if he was sentenced. There was no contrition, apparently; it was simply business with him. "Lose your place, you brute," roared the justice in righteous wrath. "A boy who would beat a kind mother, as you have, doesn't deserve to live even. You ought not to remain in any community. You can go to the penitentiary for three months." And the prisoner was led away while the poor mother staggered, weeping from the court, buried in sorrow, not for herself, but for "her boy."

Men Who Require Presence of Mind.

Many railroad accidents are prevented by a presence of mind on the part of engineers. A passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road was rounding a sharp curve, just under a piece of tall timber. The watchful engineer saw a tree lying across the track sixty feet ahead of the locomotive. The train was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and to check its momentum before reaching the obstruction was out of the question. The engineer took in the situation at a glance. He threw the throttle wide open, and the engine shot ahead with the velocity of an arrow and with so tremendous a force that the tree was picked up by the cow-catcher and flung from the track as if it had been only a willow withe. A man with not so cool a head would have made the best possible use of those sixty feet in the way of checking the speed of the train. That would have caused a disaster.

Bradford, an engineer, was bringing an express train over the Kankakee line from Indianapolis. As the engine shot out from a deep cut and struck a short piece of straight track leading to a bridge, a herd of colts were discovered running down the road. The distance to the river was only 100 feet. Bradford knew if the colts beat the locomotive to the bridge they would fall between the timbers, and the obstruction would throw the train off and probably result in a frightful loss of life. It took him only a half a second to think of this. The other half of the second was utilized in giving his engine such a quantity of steam that it covered that one hundred feet of track in about the same that a bolt of ligtning would travel from the top of a lightning-rod to the ground. The colts were struck and knocked down the embankment just as they were entering the bridge.

An Anecdote of Lincoln.

New York Clipper.

"In 1860, when a Committee from Washington called upon the late lamented Lincoln to ascertain whether he would accept the nomination for the Presidency, they found him in an open field near Springfield, Illinois, engaged in playing a match game of base-ball. He was the Captain of one of the Clubs, and so interested was he in the success of his side that he did not notice the approach of the gentlemen composing the Committee until they were close upon him. When they made known their errand Lincoln dropped his bat, and, with astonishment depicted on his countenance, turned to them and asked if they thought he was a fool. On receiving a negative reply, together with the assurance that it was the people's earnest desire that he should become their standard-bearer, he remarked complacently that if he was not a fool the people were, and, turning away, he was soon oblivious to every thing about him except the game of base-ball."